Psalms 95-7-

CHARLES CLARK,
TOTHAM,
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THE HISTORY OF SQUYER MELDRUM

WHO that antique Stories reads,
Conſider may the famous deeds
Of our noble Progenitours,
Which should to us been great mirrours
Their vertuous deeds to enſue,
And vicious living to eſchew:
Such men been put in memory,
That death should not confound their glory:
Howbeit their bodies was abſent,
Their vertuous deeds been preſent.
Poets their honor to advance,
Have put them to rememberance.
Some write of preclare Conquerors
And ſome of valiant Emperors,
And ſome of noble mighty Kings,
That royally did rule their reigns:
And ſome of champions and of Knights,
That boldly did defend their rights,
Which valiantly did ſtand in ſtour,
For the defence of their honour:
And ſome of Squyers doughty deeds,
That wondrouſly wrought in their weeds.
Some write of deeds amorous,
As Chancer wrote of Troylus,
How that he loved Creſſida,
Of Iaſon and of Medea.
With help of Cleo I intend,
To Minerve would me ſapience ſend,
A noble Squyer to deſcrive,
Whoſe doughty deeds during his life,
I know my ſelf, therefore I write:
And all his deeds I dare endite,
And ſecrets which I did not know,
That noble Squyer did me show,

So I intend the beſt I can,
Deſcrive the deeds and the man,
Whoſe youth did occupy in love,
Full pleaſantly without reprove,
Who did as many doughty deeds,
As any one that men of reads.
Which Poets put in memory,
For the exalting of their glory.
Wherefore I think as God me ſave,
He ſhould have place among the lave
That his hie courage ſhould not ſmure
Conſidering what he did endure,
Oft-times for his Ladies ſake.
I wot ſire Lancelot Dulake,
When he did love King Arthurs wife,
Fought never better with ſword or knife,
For his Lady in no battle,
Nor had not half ſo juſt quarrel:
The verity who likes declare
His love was an adulterer,
And durſt not come into her ſight,
But like an howlat in the night,
With this Squyre it ſtood not ſo,
His Lady lov'd him, and no mo.
Husband nor Lemman had she none,
And ſo she had her love alone,
I think it is no happy life,
A man to lye with his Maſters wife,
As did Lancelot: thus I conclude,
Of ſuch amour could come no good.
Now to my purpoſe will I paſs,
And ſhow you how the Squyer was
A gentle-man of Scotland born
So was his father him beforn:
Of Nobles linally deſcended,
Which their good fame have ever defended,
Good William Meldrum he was named,
Whoſe honour never was defamed:
Stalwart and ſtout in every ſtrife,
And born within the ſhire of Fife:
To Cleish and Bins right heritour
Who ſtood for love in many a ſtour.

He was but twenty years of age,
When he began his vaſſalage;
Proportionat well of mid ſtatour,
Fiery and wight, and might endure.
Overſet with travel night and day,
Right hardy both in earneſt and play,
Blyth in countenance, right fair in face,
And ſtood ay well in his Ladies grace:
For he was wonder amiable:
And his deeds right honourable:
And ay his honour to advance,
In England firſt and then in France,
And there his manhood did aſſail,
Vnder the Kings great Admiral:
Where the great navie of Scotland,
Paſt to the ſea againſt England.
And as they paſt by Ireland coaſt,
The Admiral gart land his hoaſt
And ſet Craigſergus into fire,
And ſaved neither barn nor byre:
It was great pity for to hear,
Of the people the bailful chear:
And how the land folk were ſpuilied,
Fair women under foot were fuilied.
But this young Squyer bold and wight,
Saved all women where he might:
All Prieſts and Friers he did ſave,
Till at the laſt he did perceive
Behind a garden amiable,
A womans voice lamentable:
And on that voice he followed faſt,
Till he did ſee her at the laſt,
Spuilied naked as she was born,
Two men of wier were her beforn,
Which were right cruel men and keen,
Parting there the ſpoilyie them between:
A fairer woman nor she was,
He had not ſeen in any place:
Before him on her knees she fell,
Saying for him that herried hell,
Help me ſweet ſir, I am a Maid.
Then ſoftly to the men ſhe ſaid.

I pray you give again her ſark,
And take to you all other wark.
Her Kirtle was of Scarlet red,
Of gold a Garland on her head,
Decored with Enamelyne,
Belt and Brotches of ſilver fyne.
Of yellow taffaty was her ſark,
Begirded all with bi oidered wark,
Right craftily with gold and ſilk.
Then ſaid the Lady white as milk,
Except my ſark nothing I crave,
Let them go hence with all the lave.
Quoth they to her by Saint *Fillane*,
Of this ye get nothing again,
Then ſaid the Squyer courteouſly,
Good friends I pray you heartfully,
If ye be worthy men of weir,
Reſtore to her again her geir,
Or by great God that all hath wrought,
That ſpoylie ſhall be full dear bought:
Quoth they to him, we thee defy,
And drew their ſwords right haſtily,
And ſtrake at him with ſo great ire,
That from the Harneſſe flew the fire,
With dints ſo derfly at him dang,
That he was never in ſuch a thrang:
But he him manfully defended,
And wirh a boult on them he bended,
And hat the one upon the head,
That to the ground he fell down dead.
For to the teeth he did him cleave,
Let him lye there with a miſchief:
Then with the other hand for hand,
He beat on him with his birneſt brand:
The other was both ſtout and ſtrang.
And then the Squyer wrought great wonder,
Ay till his ſpear did ſhake in ſunder.
Then forth he drew a ſharp dager,
And did him cleik by the coller:
And even at the coller bane,
At the firſt ſtraik he hath him ſlain,
He bounded forward to the ground,

Yet was the Squyer hail and sound:
For why? he was so well enarmed,
He escaped from them unharmed:
And when he saw they were both slain,
He to the Lady past again,
Where she stood naked on the bent,
And said, take your habulyment.
And she him thanked full humbly,
And put her cloaths on full speedily:
Then kissed he the Lady fair,
And took his leave at her but mair.
By that the taberne and trumpet blew,
And every man to ship-boord drew:
That Lady was dolent in heart,
From time she saw he would depart,
That her relieved of her harms,
And hint the Squyer into her arms:
And said, will ye bide in this land,
I shall you take to mine Husband:
Though I be casten now in care,
I am quoth she, my fathers heir,
The which may spend of pennies round,
Of yearly rent a thousand pound:
With that she heartily did him kiss,
Are ye, said she, content of this?
Of that, said he, I would be fain,
If I might in this Realm remain:
But I must first passe into *France*,
So when I come again perchance,
And after that the peace be made,
To marry you I will be glad:
Farewell, I may not longer tarry,
I pray God keep you and sweet Mary.
Then gave she him a love toking,
A rich Rubie set in a ring:
I am, quoth she, at your command,
With you to pass into *Scotland*.
I thank you heartfully, quoth he,
Ye are over young to sail the sea,
And specially of men with weir,
Of that, quoth she, take ye no fear:

I ſhall me cloath in mens cloathes,
And go with you where ever you pleaſe:
Should I now leave my Paramour,
That ſaved my life and honour?
Lady, I ſay you in certain,
You ſhall have love for love again,
Truly unto my lifes end,
Farewell, to God I you commend.
With that into his boat he paſt,
And to the Ship he rowed faſt,
Then weighed they Anchors and made ſail,
This Navy with the Admiral,
And landed into bold Britain:
This Admiral was Earl of Arran,
Which was both wiſe and valiant,
Of the blood Royal of Scotland:
Accompanied with many a Knight,
Which were right daughty men and wight,
Amongſt the leave this young Squyre,
Was with him right familiar:
And through his vertuous diligence,
Of that Lord he got ſuch credance,
That when he did his courage ken,
Gave him cure of five hundred men.
Which were to him obedient,
Ready at his commandement,
It were too long for to declare,
The daughty deeds that he did there,
Becauſe he was ſo couragious,
Ladies of him were amorous,
He was a Menzeon for a Dame,
Meek in a chamber like a lamb,
But in the field like a Champion,
Ramping like a wild Lion:
Well practicked with ſpier and ſhield,
And with the foremoſt in the field:
No Chiftain was among them all,
In expences more liberal:
In every play he wan the Prize,
With that he was vertuous and wiſe,
And ſo becauſe he was well proved,
With every man he was well loved.

Henry

HEnry the eight King of *England*,
That time at *Calais* was lyand,
With the triumphant ordinance,
Making War on the Realm of *France*.
The King of *France* his great Army,
Lay near hard by in *Picardie*,
Where either other did assail,
Howbeit there was no set battel.
And there was dayly skirmishing,
Where men of arms brake many sting:
When the Squyre *Meldrum*
Were told thir novels all and some,
He thought he would visit the wears,
And wailed forth an hundreth spears,
And foot-men which were bold and stour,
The most worthy of all his rout.
When he came to the King of *France*,
He was soon put in ordinance:
Right so were all his Company,
That waited on him continually.
There was into the *English* host,
A Champion that blew great boast,
He was a stout man and a strang,
Whilk boast would with his conduct gang,
Out through the great army of *France*,
His valiantness for to advance:
And master Talbert was his name,
Of *Scots* and *French* did speak disdain:
And on his bonnet us'd to wear,
Of silver fine tokens of weer.
A Proclamation he gart make,
That he would for his Ladies sake,
With any gentleman of *France*,
To fight with him with spear or lance.
But no *French* man in all that land,
With him durst battel hand for hand,
Then like a warriour valiand,
He entered in the Scottish band,
And when the Squyre *Meldrum*,
Heard tell this Champion was come,
Right hastily he past him till,
Demanding him what was his will.

Forſooth I can find none, quoth he,
On horſe or foot dare fight with me.
Then ſaid he, It were great ſhame,
Without battel ye ſhould turn hame,
Therefore to God I make a vow,
The morn my ſelf ſhal fight with you,
Either on horſe back or on foot,
Your craks I count them not a coot.
I ſhal be found into the field,
Armed on horſe with ſpear and ſhield,
Maſter Talbert ſaid, My good child,
It were more like that thou were ſtaid,
Thou art ſo young, and hath no might
To fight with me that am ſo wight;
To ſpeak to me thou ſhould have fear,
For I have ſuch practick in wear,
That I would not effeired be,
To make debate againſt ſuch three,
For I have ſtood in many a ſtour,
And ay defended my honour.
Wherefore my bairn I counſel thee,
Such enterpriſes to let be.
Then ſaid the Squyer to the Knight,
I grant you are both bold and wight:
Young David was far leſs then I,
When he with Golias manfully,
Withoutten either ſpear or ſhield
He fought and ſlew him in the field.
I truſt that God ſhal be my guide,
And give me grace to ſtanch thy pride;
Though thou be great like Gwo Mackmoran,
Truſt me I ſhal thee meet the morn,
Beſide Montrule upon the green,
Before nine hours I ſhal be ſeen.
And if ye win me in the field,
Both horſe and gear I ſhal you yeeld.
So that ſiklike you do to me,
That ſhal I do indeed, quoth he,
And thereto I give thee mine hand,
And ſo between them made a band,
That they ſhould meet upon the morn,
But Talbert made at him but ſcorn:

Lightliand him with words of Pride,
Syn homeward to his hoſt can ride,
And shew the brethren of the land,
How a young Scot had tane on hand,
To fight with him beſide Montrule,
But I truſt he shall prove a fool.
Quoth they the morn that shall we ken,
The Scots are known right hardy men:
Quoth he, I count him not a coot,
He shall return upon his foot,
And leave with me his armor bright,
For well I wot he hath no might,
On horſe or foot to fight with me,
Quoth they the morn that shall we ſee:
When to the Monſieur d'Aubignie,
Reported was the verity,
How that the Squyer had tane in hand,
To fight with Talbert hand for hand,
His great courage he did commend,
Syn haſtily did for him ſend.
And when he came before the Lord.
The verity he did record,
How for the honour of Scotland,
That battel he had tane in hand:
And ſen it gives me in my heart,
Get I an horſe to take my part,
My truſt is ſo into Gods grace,
To leave him lying in that place,
Howbeit he ſtalwart be and ſtout,
My Lord, of him I have no doubt.
Then ſent the Lord out through the land,
And got ane hundreth horſe fra hand.
And to his preſence brought in haſte,
And bad the Squyer chooſe the beſt:
Of that the Squyer was rejoyced,
And chooſed the beſt as he ſuppoſed:
And lap on him deliveredly,
Was never horſe ran more pleaſantly,
With ſpear and ſword at his command,
And was the beſt in all that land:
He took his leave and went to reſt,
Syn early on the morn him dreſt:

Wanton-

Wantonly in his weirlike weed,
All wel armed, save the head:
He lap upon his Courser wight,
And straight him in his stirrops right:
His spear and shield, and helm was born,
With Squyers that rode him beforn.
A velvet cap on head he bare,
A quaf of gold to hide his hair:
This Lord of him took so great joy,
That he himself would him convoy,
With him an hundreth men of armes
That there should no man do him harms,
The Squyer bure into his field,
An Otter in a silver shield,
His horse was bairded full rightly,
Covered with Saten Cramesie,
Then forward rode this Champion,
With sound of trumpet and Clarion:
And speedily spured over the bent,
Like Mars the god armipotent.
This leave we riding the Squyer,
And speak of Master Talbert mair,
Which got up early on the morrow,
And no manier of geir to borrow,
Horse and harness, spier and shield,
But was ay ready to the field.
And had such practick into weir,
Of our Squyer he took no fear.
And said unto this Champion,
Or we come forth of this Pavilion,
This night I saw into my dream,
Which to rehearse I think great shame.
Me thought I saw come from the sea,
A great Otter riding to me,
The which was black with a long tail.
And cruelly did me assail,
And beat me till he gart me bleed,
And drew me backward from my steed.
What this should mean I cannot say,
But I was never in such a fray:
His fellow said think ye not shame,
For to give credance to a dream.

Ye know it is againſt our faith,
Therefore go dreſs you in your graith,
And think well through your high courage,
This day ye shal win vaſſalage.
Then dreſt he him into his gear,
Wantonly like a man of wear,
Which hath both hardineſs and force,
And lightly lay upon his horſe.
His horſe was bairded right bravely,
And covered was right courtfully,
With broidered work and velvet green,
Saint Georges croſs there might be ſeen
On horſe, harneſs, and all his gear,
Then rode he forth witthoutten fear,
Convoyed with his Captain,
And with many an English-man,
Arrayed all with armour bright:
Might no man ſee a fairer ſight.
Then clarions and trumpets blew·
And warriours many hither drew,
On every ſide came many a man
To behold who the battel wan.
The field was in a Meadow green,
Where every man might well be ſeen.
The Heraulds put them ſo in order,
That no man preaſt within the border,
Nor preaſt to come within the green,
But heraulds and the champions keen.
The order and the circumſtance
Were long to put in remembrance:
When theſe two noble men of wear,
Were well acccounted in their gear,
And in their hands ſtrongbourdeoums,
Then trumpets blew and clariouns,
And heraulds crying hie on hight:
Now let them go, God ſhow the right,
Then ſpeedily they ſpurr'd their horſe,
And ran to other with ſuch force,
That both their ſpears in ſunder flow:
Then ſaid all they that ſtood on row,
A better courſe then they two ran,
Was not ſince that the world began.

Then both the parties were rejoyced,
The Champions a while reposed,
Till they had gotten spears a new,
Then with triumph the trumpets blew,
And they with all the force they can,
Wonder rudely at other ran:
And stroke at other with great ire,
That from their harnesse flasht the fire.
There spears they were so teugh and strang,
That either other to earth down dang,
Both horse and man with spear and shield,
That flatlings lay into the field.
Then Master Talbert was ashamed:
Forsooth for ever I am defamed,
And said: that I had rather die,
Without that I revenged be.
Our young Squyer such was his hap,
Was first on foot and on he lap,
Vpon his horse without support,
Of that the Scots took great comfort:
When that they saw him so fiercely,
Leap on his horse so galliardly.
The Squyer lifted the Visar,
A little space to take the air:
They bad him wine, and he it drank,
Full humbly then he did them thank.
By that Talbert on horse was mounted,
And of the Squyer little counted:
And cry'd: if he durst undertake,
To run once for his Ladies sake.
The Squyer cryed hie on hight,
That shall I do by Mary bright:
I am content all day to rin,
Till one of us the honour win.
Of that Talbert was well content,
And a great spear in hand he hint:
The Squyer in his hand he throng,
His spear that was both great and long,
With a sharp head of grounden steel,
Of which he was appleased well.
That pleasant field was long and brade,
Where gay order and rowm was made.

That

That every man might have good ſight,
And there was many warlike Knight:
Some men of every Nation,
Was in that Congregation:
Then trumpets blew triumphantly,
And theſe two Champions eagerly,
Spurred their horſe with ſpear on breſt,
Partly to prove their pith they preſt:
That round ring room was at utterance.
But Talberts horſe with a miſchance,
Vttered and to run was loath,
Wherefore Talbert was wondrous wroth.
The Squyer forth his ring he ran,
Commended well with every man,
And him diſcharged of his ſpear,
Honeſtly like a man of wear,
Becauſe that ring was run in vain,
Then Talbert would not run again:
Till he had gotten a better ſteed,
Which was brought to him with great ſpeed,
Whereon he lap, and took his ſpear,
As brim as he had been a Bear,
And boulted forward with a bend,
And he ran on to the rings end,
And ſaw his horſe was at command,
Then was he blyth I underſtand,
Truſting no more to run in vain,
Then all the trumpets blew again:
By that with all the force they can,
They right rudely at other ran:
Of that meeting ilk man thought wonder,
Which ſounded like a crack of thunder,
And none of them their marrow miſt,
Sir Talberts ſpear in ſunder birſt:
But the Squyer went with his burdeon,
Sir Talbert to the earth dang down.
That ſtroke was with ſuch might and force,
That on the ground lay man and horſe,
And though the bridle-band him bare,
And in the breaſt a ſpan and mair:
Through curions and through glove of plate,
That Talbert might make no debate

The Truncheon of the Squyres ſpear,
Stack ſtill into ſir *Talberts* gear.
Then every man into that ſtead,
Did all believe that he was dead.
The Squyre lap right haſtily,
From his Courſer delivery,
And to ſir *Talbert* made comfort,
And right humbly did him ſupport.
When *Talbert* ſaw into his ſhield,
An Otter in a ſilver field:
This race, ſaid he, I may ſore rue,
For I ſee well my dream is true:
Me thought an Otter cauſed me bleed,
And bare me backward from my ſteed:
And here I vow to God Soveraign,
That I ſhall never juſt again.
And ſweetly to the Squyer he ſaid,
Thou knoweſt the Cuning that we made,
Which of us two ſhould loſe the field,
He ſhould both Horſe and Armour yeeld,
To him that wan: wherefore I will,
Mine Horſe and Harneſs give thee till.
Then ſaid the Squyer courteouſly,
Brother I thank you heartfully,
Of you forſooth nothing I crave,
For I have gotten that I would have,
With every man he was commended,
So valiantly he him defended.
The Captain of the *Engliſh* band,
Took the young Squyer by the hand,
And led him to the Pavilion,
And caus'd them take collation.
When *Talberts* wounds were bound up faſt,
The English Captain to him paſt,
And prudently did him comfort:
Syn ſaid, Brother, I you exhort,
To take the Squyer by the hand,
And ſo he did at his command,
And ſaid: this been the chance of arms,
With that he braſt him in his arms,
Saying, heartily I you forgive,
And then the Squyer took his leave.

Comend

Commended well with every man,
Then wightly on his horſe he wan,
With many a Noble-man convoyed.
Leave we there *Talbert* ſore annoyed.
Some ſayes of that diſcomfiture,
He thought ſuch ſhame and dishonour,
That he departed off the land,
And never was ſeen into *England*:
But our Squyer did ſtill remain,
After the wars, till peace was tane.
All Captains of the Kings guards,
Gave to the Squyer rich rewards,
Becauſe he had ſo well debated,
With every Noble he was well treated.
After the wars he took licence,
Syn did return with diligence,
From *Picardie* to *Normandie*,
And there a ſpace remained he:
Becauſe the Navie of *Scotland*,
Was ſtill upon the coaſt lyand,
When he a while had ſojourned,
He to the Court of *France* turned,
For to decore his vaſſalage:
From *Bartanzie* took his voyage:
With eight ſcore in his company,
Of valiant wight men and hardy,
Enarmed well like men of wear,
With hagbut, culvering, pick and ſpear,
And paſſed up through *Normandie*,
Till *Albiance* in *Picardie*,
Where noble *Lewis* King of *France*,
Was lyand with his Ordinance.
With many a Prince and Noble man,
And in the Court of *France* was than,
A marvellous Congregation,
Of many ſundry nation:
Of *England* many a prudent Lord,
After the wars making record.
There was then an Ambaſſadour,
A Lord, a man of great honour:
With him was many a Noble Knight,
Of *Scotland* to defend the right.

Who guided them ſo honeſtly,
Engliſh-men had them at envy,
And purpoſed to make them cumber,
Becauſe they were of greater number:
And ſo where ever they with them met,
Vpon the Scots they made on-ſet:
And like wild Lions furious,
They laid a ſiege about the houſe,
Them to deſtroy ſo they intended,
Our worthy Scots them well defended.
The ſutheron were ay five for ane,
So on each ſide there were men ſlain.
The English-men cried in great ire,
And ſaid, ſweith ſet the houſe on fire.
By that the Squyer Meldrum,
Into the market ſtreet was come,
With all his folk in good array,
And ſaw the town was in a fray,
He inquired the occaſion.
Quoth they, the Scots are all put down
By English-men into their Ins.
Quoth he, I would give all the Bins,
That I might come ere they departed.
With that he grew ſo cruel hearted,
That he was like a wild Lyon,
And rudely ran out through the town,
With all his company well arrayed,
And with his banner well diſplayed.
And when they ſaw the English rout,
They ſet upon them with a ſhout,
And raird ſo rudely on them ruſhed,
That fifty to the ground they duſhed.
There was nought but take and ſlay,
The Squyer wonders did that day.
And ſtoutly ſtepped in the ſtour,
And dang on them with dints doure
Was never man bare better hand,
There might no buckler bide his brand,
For it was ſeven quarters lang,
With that ſo derfly on them dang,
That like a worthy Champion,
Ay at a ſtroak he dang down one.

Some

Some were ill hurt, and some were slain,
Some fell, and rose not yet again.
When that the sutheron saw that sight,
Afrayedly they took the flight,
And wist not where to flie for haste,
Thus through the town he hath them chaste:
Were not French-men came to the redding,
There had been much more blood shedding.
Of this journey *I* make an end,
Which every Noble did commend.
When to the King the case was known,
And the sooth unto him shown,
How this Squyer so manfully,
On sutheron wan the victory,
He put him into ordinance,
And so he did remain in France,
A certain time for his pleasure,
Well esteemed in great honour,
Where he did many noble deed,
With that right wanton in his weed.
When Ladies knew his hie courage,
He was desir'd in marriage,
By a fair Lady of great rent,
But youth made him so insolent,
That he in France would not remain,
But come to Scotland home again.
The French Ladies did for him mourn,
The Scots were glad for his return.
At every Lord he took his leave,
But his departure did them grieve:
For he was loved of all wights,
Who had him seen defend their rights.
Scots Captains did him convoy,
Though his departure did them noy.
At deep he made him for to sail,
Where he furnisht a gay vessel,
For himself and his men of weir,
With artilzie, hagbut, bow and spear,
And furnisht her with good victual,
Of the best wine that he could wyle.
And when the Ship was ready made,
He lay but one day in the rade,

while

While he got wind of the South-eaſt,
Then they their anker weighed in haſt,
And ſyn made ſail, and forward paſt,
One day at morn, till at the laſt,
Of a great ſail they got a light,
And Phebus ſhewed his beams bright,
Into the morning right early,
Then paſt the Skipper ſpeedily,
Vp to the top with a great feer,
And ſaw it was a man of wear,
And cry'd: I ſee nought elſe, pardie,
But we muſt either fight or flie.
The Squyer was in his bed lying,
When he heard tell this new tyding.
By this the *English* artailzie,
Like hail-ſhot made them aſſailzie,
And ſlopped through their fighting ſails,
And diverſe dang out over the wails,
The *Scots* again with all their might,
Of Guns they did let flee a flight,
That they might well ſee where they were,
Heads and arms flew in the Air.
The *Scots* ſhip ſhe was ſo low,
That many Guns out over her flow,
Which far beyond them lighted down:
But the *English* great galyoun,
Forenent them ſtood like a great caſtle,
That the Scots Guns might no way fail,
But hit her ay on the right ſide,
With many a ſlop for all her pride,
That many a bift were on their backs.
Then roſe the reek with ugly cracks,
Which on the ſea made ſuch a ſound,
That in the Air it did redound,
That men might well wit on the land,
That ſhips were on the ſea fightand.
By this the Guider ſtrak the Ships,
And either on other laid the clips:
And then began the ſtrong battel,
Each man his marrow did aſſail,
So rudely they did rush together,
That none might hold their feet for ſlidder.

Some

Some with halbert, and some with ſpear,
But hagbuts did the greateſt dear.
Out of the top the grounded darts,
Did diverſe pierce out through the hearts.
Every man did his diligence,
Vpon his foe to work vengeance,
Rushing on either routs rude,
That over the walls ran the blood.
The *English* Captains cried hie,
Sweith, yeeld ye dogs, or ye shall die:
And do ye not, I make a vow,
That *Scotland* shall be quit of you.
Then peartly anſwered the Squyer,
And ſaid, O traitor tavemer,
I let thee wit, thou haſt no might,
This day to put us to the flight.
Theyderfly ay at other dang,
The Squyer thruſted through the thrang,
And in the *English* Ship he lap,
And hit the Captain ſuch a flap,
Vpon his head, till he fell dovvn,
Waltering into a deadfull ſoun.
And vvhen the *Scots* ſavv the Squyer,
Had ſtricken dovvn the rank rover,
They left their ovvn Ship ſtanding vvaſte,
And in the *English* ship in haſte,
They followved all their Captain,
And ſoon vvas all the Sutheron ſlain,
Hovvbeit they vvere of greater number,
The *Scots* men put them in ſuch cumber,
That they vvere fain to leave the field,
Crying, mercie, then did they yeeld.
Yet vvas the Squyer ſtricking faſt,
At the Captain, till at the laſt,
vvhen he perceived no remead,
Either io yeeld, or to be dead,
He ſaid, O gentle Captain,
Thole me not to be ſlain:
My life to you ſhall be more priſe,
Nor ſhall my death a thouſand ſyſe:
For ye may get, as I ſuppoſe,
Three thouſand Nobles of the Roſe.

Of me, and of my company,
Therefore I cry you loud, mercy:
Except my life, nothing I crave,
Take you the Ship, and all the lave.
I yeeld to you both sword and knife,
Therefore good master, save my life.
The Squyer took him by the hand,
And on his feet he gart him stand,
And treated him right tenderly,
And syn unto his men did cry:
And syn gave them right strait command,
To strike no more, but hold their hand.
Then both the Captains ran and red,
And so there was no more blood shed.
Then all the lave they did them yeeld,
And to the Scots gave sword and shield,
A noble Leech the Squyer had,
Whereof the English host was glad,
To whom the Squyer gave command,
The wounded men to take in hand:
And so he did with diligence,
Therefore he got good recompence.
Then when the wounded men were dreſt,
And all the dying men confeſt,
And dead men caſten in the sea,
Which to behold was great pitie.
There was slain of the English band,
Five score of men, I underſtand,
The which were cruel men and keen,
And of the Scots were slain fifteen.
And when the English Captain,
Saw how his men were tane and slain,
And the Scots so few in number,
Had put them in so great a cumber,
He drew into a frenelie,
Saying, false fortune I the defy:
For I believed this day at morn,
That he was not in Scotland born,
That durſt have met me hand to hand,
Within the bounds of my brand.
The Squyer bad him make good chear,
And said, it is the chance of war:

Great Conquerors I you assure,
Hath hapned such like adventure:
Therefore make merry, and go dine,
And let us prieve the mighty wine.
Some drank wine and some drank ail,
Syn put the Ships under sail,
And wailed forth the English band,
Two hundreth men and put on land,
Quietly on the coast of Kent,
The lave in Scotland with him went.
The English captain as I gues,
He warded was in Blackness,
And treated him right honestly,
Together with his company,
And held him in that garison,
Till they had payed their ransome.
Out through the land then sprang the fame,
That Squyer Meldrum was come hame.
When they heard tell how he debated,
With every man he was well treated,
That when he travelled through the land,
They banqueted him fra hand to hand,
With great solace till at the last,
Out through Strathern the Squyer past:
And as it did approach the night,
Of a Castle he got a sight,
Beside a mountain in a vail:
And then after his great travel,
He purposed him to repose,
Where each man did of him rejoyce.
Of this triumphant pleasant place,
A lusty Lady was mistress,
Whose Lord was dead short time before,
Wherefore her dolor was the more:
But yet she took some comforting,
To hear the pleasant dulce talking,
Of this young Squyer and of his chance,
And how it hapned him in France.
The Squyer and the Lady gent,
Did wash, and then to supper went,
During this night there was nought else,
But for to hear of his novels.

Æneas

Eneas when he fled from Troy,
Did not Queen Dido greater joy,
When he in Carthage did arrive,
And did the siege of Troy describe.
The wonders that he did rehearse,
Were longsome for to put in verse,
Of which the Lady did rejoice.
They Drank, and syne went to repose.
He sound his chamber well arrayed,
With dornick work on boord displayed:
Of venniſon he had his wail,
Good aquavity, wine and ail,
With noble confits, bran and geil:
And ſo the ſquyer ſure right weil.
So to hear more of this narration,
This Lady came to his collation,
Saying, he was right welcome hame,
Grand mercy then, quoth he, Madam.
They paſt the time with cheſs and table
For he to every game was able.
Then to their bed drevv ever wight,
To chamber vvent the Lady bright,
The vvhich this ſquyer did convoy,
Syne to his bed he vvent vith joy.
That night he ſleeped never a vvink,
But ſtill did on his Lady think,
Cupido vvith his fiery dart
Did pierce him ſo out through the heart,
So all that night did nought but mourned
Some time ſate up, and ſome time turned
Sighing vvith many gant and groan,
To Fair Venus making his moan,
Saying: Lady, vvhat may this meen?
I vvas a free-man late yeſtreen,
And novv a captive bound and thral
For on that I think ſlovvre of all.
I pray God ſen ſhe knevv my mind,
Hovv for her ſake I am ſo pined:
Would God I had been yet in France,
Ere I had hapned ſuch miſchance,
To be ſubject or ſervitour
To one that takes of me no cure.

s Lady lodged neat hand by,
d heard the Squyer privily,
ith dreadful heart making his mone,
With many a careful gant and grone:
Her heart was filled with pity,
Thought she would have one him mercy,
And said: Howbeit I should be slain,
He shall have love for love again,
Would God I might with mine honour
Have him to be my Paramour.
This was the merry time of May,
When this fair Lady fresh and gay,
Start up to take the healthsome air,
With pantons on her feet a pair,
Early on a clear morning,
Before fair Phebus up-rising:
Kirtle alone vvithoutten cloack,
And savv the squyers door unlock:
She slipped in ere ever he vvist,
And fainedly past to the kist,
And vvith her keyes opened the locks,
And made her to take forth a box:
But that vvas not her errand there.
With that this lusty young squyer,
savv this Lady so pleasantly,
Come to his chamber quyetly,
n kirtle of fine damask brovvn,
der golden tresses hanging dovvn:
Her paps vvere hard, round and vvhite,
Which to behold vvas great delite.
ike the vvhite lilly vvas her lyre,
Her hair vvas like the red gold vvyre:
Her shanks vvhite vvithoutten hose,
Whereat the squyer did rejoyce,
nd said, Valyie quod valyie,
pon the Lady novv make assailyie.
Her courtly kirtle vvas unlaist,
nd soon into his arms her braist:
nd said to her, Madame, good morn,
elp me your man that is forlorn,
ithouty ou get me some remead;
Withoutten doubt I am but dead,

Wherefore ye muſt believe my harms.
With that he hint her in his arms,
And talkt with her upon the floor,
Syn quyetly did bar the door.
Squyer, quoth she, what is your will?
Think ye my widow-hood to ſpill?
No, God forbid, it were great ſin,
My Lord and ye were near of kin.
Wherefore I make you ſupplication,
Paſs and ſeek a diſpenſation,
Then shal I wed you with a ring,
Then shal you live at your liking,
For ye are young, luſty and fair,
And alſo ye are your fathers heir:
There is no Lady in this land
May you refuſe to her husband.
And if ye love me, as you ſay,
Haſte to diſpenſe the beſt ye may:
And thereto I give you mine hand,
I shal you take to mine husband.
Quoth he, Till that I may endure,
I vow to be your ſerviture.
But I think great vexation,
To tarry upon diſpenſation.
Then in his arms he did her thriſt,
And either other ſweetly kiſt,
And wame to wame they other braced,
With that her kirtle was unlaced.
Then Cupid with his fiery darts,
Inflamed ſo thir Lovers hearts,
They might no manner of way diſſever,
Nor none might part from another,
But like wood-bind they were both wrapped.
There tenderly he hath her happed,
Full ſoftly up into his bed:
Iudge ye if he her shanks shed.
Alace, quoth she, what may this mean?
And with her hair she dight her een:
I cannot tell how that they play,
But I believe she ſays not nay:
He pleaſed her, as I heard ſain,
That he was welcome ay again.

he roſe, and tenderly him kiſt,
nd on his hands a ring she thriſt,
nd he gave her a love drurie,
ring ſet with a rich rubie,
token that her love for ever
hould never from thir two diſſever.
nd then she paſt into her chamber,
nd fand her maidens ſweet as Lamber,
leeping full ſound, and nothing wiſt
ow that the Lady paſt to the kiſt.
uoth they, Madame, where have you been?
uoth she, Into my garden green,
o hear the merry birds ſong:
let you wit, I thought not long,
hogh I had tarried there till noon,
uoth they, Where is your hoſe and shoon:
hy yeed ye with your belly bare?
uoth she, The morning was ſo fair:
or by him that dear Ieſus ſold,
felt no wayes any manner of cold.
uoth they, Madame, we think you ſweat.
uoth she, Ye ſee me ſuffer heat,
he dew did from the flowers fleet,
hat both my limbes are made weet:
herefore a while I will here ly,
till this dew dulce be from me dry.
liſe, and gar make our dinner ready,
hat shal be done, quoth they, my Lady.
fter that she had tane her reſt,
he roſe, and in her chamber her dreſt,
nd after Maſs, to dinner went,
hen was the ſquyer diligent
o declare many ſundry ſtory,
Worthy to put in memory.
What shal we of theſe lovers ſay?
ut all the time of luſty May,
hey paſt the time with joy and bliſs
full quyetly with many a kiſs.
here was no creature that knew
et of theſe Lovers chamber glew:
nd ſo he lived pleaſantly,
certain time with this Lady:

Sometime with halking and with hunting.
Sometime with wanton horſe running,
And ſometime like a man of wear,
Full galliardly would run a ſpear:
He wan the prize above them all,
Both at the buts, and the foot-ball,
Till every ſolace he was able,
At carts and dyce, at cheſs and table:
And if ye liſt, I ſhal you tell,
How that he ſieged a Caſtel:
A Meſsenger came ſpeedily
From the Lennox to that Lady,
And shew how that Mackfarlon,
And with him many bold Baron,
Her Caſtle he had tane perforce,
And neither left her kow nor horſe,
And harried all the land about,
Whereof this Lady had great doubt.
Till her ſquyer she paſt in haſte,
And shew him how she was oppreſt,
And how he waſted many a myle,
Between Dumbartan and Argyle.
And when the ſquyer Meldrum
Had heard theſe novels all and ſome,
Into his heart there grew ſuch ire,
That all his body burnt in fire,
And ſwore that it should be dear ſold,
If he might find them in that hold.
He and his men did them adreſs
Right haſtily in their harneſs,
Some with bow, and ſome with ſpears,
And he like Mars the God of wears,
Came to the Lady, and took his leave,
And she gave him her right hand glove,
The which he on his baſnet bure,
And ſaid: Madame, I you aſſure,
That worthy Lancelot Dulake,
Did never more for his Ladies ſake,
Nor I shal do, or elſe I die,
Without that ye revenged be:
Then in her armes she him braiſt,
And he his leave did take in haſte.

nd rode that day, and all that night,
ill on the morn he got a ſight
fthat Caſtle both fair and ſtrong:
hen in the midſt his men among,
o mighty Mars a vow he made,
hat he ſhould never in heart be glad,
or yet return forth of that land,
hile that ſtrength were at his command.
ll the tenants of that Ladie,
ame to the ſquyer haſtilie,
nd made an oath of fidelitie,
hat they ſhould never from him flee.
When to Mackfarland wight and bold,
he verity all whole was told,
ow the young ſquyer Meldrum,
as now into the Countrey come,
urpoſing for to ſiege that place,
hen vittelled he that fortreſs,
nd ſwore he ſhould that place defend
oldly unto his lives end.
y this the ſquyer was arrayed,
ith his braid banner bright diſplayed,
ith culvering, hagbut, bow and ſpear,
f Mackfarland he took no fear,
nd like a Champion couragious,
e cryes, and ſaid: Give over the houſe.
he Captain anſwered highly,
nd ſaid: Traitor, we thee defy:
e ſhal remain the houſe within,
to deſpite of all thy kin:
ith that the archers bold and wight,
f braid arrows let flee a flight.
mongſt the ſquyers company,
nd they again right manfully,
ith hagbut, bow, and culverine,
hich put Mackfarlands men to pine,
nd on their collers laid full ſicker,
nd there began the bailful bickar.
here was but ſhot and ſhot again,
ill on each ſide there were men ſlain.
hen cry'd the ſquyer couragious:
yth, lay the ladder to the houſe.

And so they did, and cleam belyve,
As busie Bees do to their hyve:
Howbeit there was slain many a man,
Yet wightly over the walls they wan.
The squyer foremost of them all,
Planted the banner upon the wall:
And then began the mortal fry:
There was nought else but take and slay.
Then Mackfarland that made the praise,
From time he saw the squyers face,
Vpon his knees he did him yeeld,
Delivering him both spear and shield.
The squyer him heartily received,
Commanding that he should be saved;
And so did slake that mortal feud,
So that no man was put to dead.
In free ward was Mackfarland seased,
And let the lave go where they pleased,
And so the squyer amorous,
Sieged and wan the Ladies house,
And left therein a Captain,
Syn to Strathern return'd again,
Where that he with his fair Lady,
Received was right pleasantly,
And to take rest did him convoy:
Iudge ye if there was mirth and joy:
Howbeit the chamber door was closed,
They did but kiss, as I supposed:
If other things were them between,
Let them discover that lovers been,
For I am not in love expert,
And never studied in that Art.

Thus they remained in merrines,
Believing never to have distres.
In that mean time the Lady fair,
A daughter to the squyer bare:
None found was fairer of visage.
Then took the squyer such courage,
Against the merry time of May,
Thirty he put in his luseray,
In scarlet green, and that right fine,
Which is a seemly sight to be seen.

The Gentle-men in all that land,
Were glad with him to make a band,
And he would gladly take their parts
And not desiring but their hearts.
Thus lived the squyer pleasantly,
With musick and with menstraly:
Of this Lady he was so glad,
There might no sorrow make him sad:
Ilk one did other consolation,
Tarrying upon dispensation.
Had it come home, he had her bruiked,
But ere it came, he was miscuiked,
And all his game he bought full dear,
As ye at length shal after hear.
Of worldly joy it was well kend,
That sorrow been the fatal end:
For jealousie and false envy
Did him persue right cruelly.
I marvel not though it be so,
For they were ever Lovers so,
Wherethrough she stood in many a stour,
And ay defended his honour.
A cruel Knight dwelt near hand by,
Which had the squyer at envy,
Imagining into his heart,
How he these Lovers might depart:
And would have had his marriand,
A Gentle-man within his land,
The which to him was not in blood.
But finally for to conclude,
Thereto she would never consent:
Therefore the Knight set his intent,
This noble squyer for to destroy,
And swore he should never have joy
Intil his heart without remead,
Till one of them were left for dead.
This valiant squyer manfully,
In earnest and play did him defy,
Offering himself for to assail,
Body for body in battel.
The Knight thereto not condescended,
But to betray him ay intended.

So

So it fell once upon a day,
In Edinburgh, as I heard say,
The squyer and the Lady true.
Were there just matter to pursue.
That cruel Knight full of envy,
Caus'd hold on them a secret spy,
When he should pass out of the town.
For this squyers confusion:
Who trusted no man should him grieve,
Nor of treason had no believe:
And took his licence of his host,
And liberally did pay his cost,
And so departed blyth and merry,
With purpose to pass over the Ferry.
He was but eight men in his rout,
For of danger he had no doubt.
The spy came to the Knight anone,
And him informed how they were gone:
Then gathered he his men on hie,
With threescore in his companie,
Accounted well in feir of wear:
Some had their bow, and some had spear,
And on the squyer followed fast,
Till they did see him at the last,
With all his men well arrayed,
Of cruel men nothing afrayed.
And when the Lady saw the rout,
God wot if she was in great doubt.
Quoth she: Your enemies I see,
Therefore, sweet heart, I rid you flee:
In the Countrey I will be kend.
Ye are no party to defend:
Ye know yon Knights cruelty,
That in his heart hath no mercy:
It is but one that he would have:
herefore, dear heart, your self ye save:
Towbeit they take me with his train,
Hhal be soon at you again.
For ye were never so hard sted.
Madame, quoth he, be ye not red,
For by the holy Trinitie,
This day one foot I will not flee.

And be he had ended his word,
He drew a long two-handed ſword,
And put his eight men in array,
And bade that they should take no fray.
Then to the ſquyer cry'd the Knight,
And ſaid: Send me thy Lady bright:
Do thou not ſo, by God his croſs,
I shal her take away perforce.
The ſquyer ſaid: Be thou a Knight,
Come forth to me, and shew thy right,
But hand for hand without redding,
That there be no more blood shedding:
And if thou win me in the field,
I shal my Lady to thee yeeld.
The Knight durſt not for all his land,
Fight with the ſquyer hand for hand.
The ſquyer he ſaw no remead:
But either to fight, or to be dead,
To heaven he lift up his viſage,
Crying to God with hie courage:
To thee my quarrel I do commend.
Syn bouted forward with a bend,
With countenance both bold and ſtout,
He rudely rushed in that rout,
With him his little company,
Which them defended manfully.
The ſquyer with his birnisht brand.
Amongſt his ſo men made ſuch hand,
That Gadifer, as ſayes the letter,
At Gadders Ferry fought never better.
His ſword ke ſwapped him about,
That he great rowm made him about.
And like a man that was deſpaired,
His weapons ſo on them he wared:
Whom ever he hit, as I heard ſay,
They did him no more dear that day:
Who ever came within his bounds,
Eſcaped not but mortal wounds;
Some mutilate were, and ſome were ſlain,
Some fled, and came not yet again.
He hat the Knight about the brees,
Till he fell forwards on his knees:

Were

Were not Thom Giſtard did him ſave,
The Knight had ſoon been in his grave?
But when the ſquyer with his brand
Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand,
From that time forth during his life,
He never wailed ſword nor knife.
Then came a ſort as brim as Bears,
That on him faſtned fifteen ſpears,
In purpoſe to have born him down:
Fut he a forcy Champion,
Amongſt the wight men wrought great wonder,
For all the ſpears he cut aſunder.
None durſt come near him hand for hand,
Within the bounds of his brand.
This worthy ſquyer couragious,
Might been compared to Tydeus,
Which fought for to defend his rights,
And ſlew of Thieves fifty Knights,
Rolland with Durendal his bright brand.
Fought never better hand for hand.
Nor Gawen againſt Gollibras,
Nor Oliver againſt Pharambras:
I wot he fought that day as well,
As did Sir Graham againſt Gray-ſteel.
And I dare ſay, he was as able,
As any Knight in the Round table;
And did his honor more advance.
Nor any of theſe Knights perchance,
The which I offer me to prove,
If that ye pleaſe, Sirs, with your leave.
Amongſt thoſe Knights was made a band,
That they ſhould fight both hand for hand,
Aſſured that there ſhould come no mo:
With this ſquyer it ſtood not ſo.
His ſtalwart ſtour who would deſcrive,
Againſt one man there was ay five.
When that this cruel tyrant Knight
Saw the ſquyer ſo wonder wight,
And had no might him to deſtroy,
Into his heart there grew ſuch noy,
That he was able for to rage,
That no man might his ire aſſwage.

Fy on us, ſaid he to his men,
Sen we are ay againſt one ten:
Chaip he away, we are ashamed,
Like cowards we shal be defamed,
I had rather be in hells pain,
Ere he should ſcape from us unſlain.
And called three of his company,
Said, Paſs behind him quietly,
And ſo they did right ſecretly,
And came behind him cowardly,
And hacked on his hoghs and thies,
Till that he fell upon his knees:
And when his shanks were shorn in ſunder,
Vpon his knees he wrought great wonder,
Swipand his ſword round about,
Not having of his death no doubt,
Durſt none approach within his command,
Till that his cruel mortal wound,
Bled ſo till he did lay in ſwown,
Perforce behaved him, then fell down:
And when he lay upon the ground,
They gave him many cruel wound,
That men on far might heat the knocks,
Like Butchers hacking on their ſtocks,
And finally without remead,
They left him lying there for dead,
With mo wounds with ſword and knife,
Then ever man that had his life.
What should I of thir traitors ſay?
When they had done, they fled away:
But then this luſty Lady fair,
With dolent heart she made ſuch care,
Which was great pitty to rehearſe,
And longſome for to put in verſe:
With tears the washt his bloody face,
Sighing with many loud, alace.
Alace, quoth she, that I was born,
In my quarrel thou art forlorn,
Shal never man after this hour,
Of my body have more pleaſure:
For thou was gem of gentleneſs,
And very well of worthineſs.

Were not Thom Giffard did him ſave,
The Knight had ſoon been in his grave?
But when the ſquyer with his brand
Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand,
From that time forth during his life,
He never wailed ſword nor knife.
Then came a ſort as brim as Bears,
That on him faſtned fifteen ſpears,
In purpoſe to have born him down:
But he a forcy Champion,
Amongſt the wight men wrought great wonder,
For all the ſpears he cut aſunder.
None durſt come near him hand for hand,
Within the bounds of his brand.
This worthy ſquyer couragious,
Might been compared to Tydeus,
Which fought for to defend his rights,
And ſlew of Thieves fifty Knights,
Rolland with Durendal his bright brand.
Fought never better hand for hand.
Nor Gawen againſt Gollibras,
Nor Oliver againſt Pharambras:
I wot he fought that day as well,
As did Sir Graham againſt Gray-ſteel.
And I dare ſay, he was as able,
As any Knight in the Round table;
And did his honor more advance.
Nor any of theſe Knights perchance,
The which I offer me to prove,
If that ye pleaſe, Sirs, with your leave.
Amongſt thoſe Knights was made a band,
That they ſhould fight both hand for hand,
Aſſured that there ſhould come no mo:
With this ſquyer it ſtood not ſo.
His ſtalwart ſtour who would deſcrive,
Againſt one man there was ay five.
When that this cruel tyrant Knight
Saw the ſquyer ſo wonder wight,
And had no might him to deſtroy,
Into his heart there grew ſuch noy,
That he was able for to rage,
That no man might his ire aſswage.

Fy on us, ſaid he to his men,
Sen we are ay againſt one ten:
Chaip he away, we are ashamed,
Like cowards we ſhal be defamed,
I had rather be in hells pain,
Ere he should ſcape from us unſlain.
And called three of his company,
Said, Paſs behind him quietly,
And ſo they did right ſecretly,
And came behind him cowardly,
And hacked on his hoghs and thies,
Till that he fell upon his knees:
And when his shanks were shorn in ſunder,
Vpon his knees he wrought great wonder,
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Shal never man after this hour,
Of my body have more pleaſure:
For thou was gem of gentleneſs,
And very well of worthineſs.

Then to the earth he rushed down,
And lay into a deadly ſwown.
By that the Regent of the Land,
From Edinburgh came faſt ridand,
Sir Antonie Derſie was his name,
A Knight of France, a man of fame,
Which had the guiding haililie
Vnder Iohn Duke of Albanie,
Which was to our young King tutor,
And of all Scotland Governor.
Our King was but five years of age,
That time when done was this outrage.
When this good knight the ſquyer ſaw
Thus lying intil his dead thraw,
Wo is me, quoth he, to ſee this ſight
On thee, which wo[illegible] and wight:
Would God that I[illegible] with thee,
As thou in France w[illegible] with me,
Into the land of Picardie,
When English-men had great envie
To have me ſlain, ſo they intended;
But manfully thou me defended,
And valiantly did ſave my life:
Was never man with ſword nor knife,
Nor Hercules, I dare well ſay,
That ever fought better on a day,
Deſending me within a ſtound,
Thou dang feil Sutheron to the ground.
I may make thee no help, alace!
But I ſhal follow after the chaſe,
Right ſpeedilie both day and night,
Till I may get that cruel knight:
I make a vow, if I may him get,
Intil a priſon I ſhal him ſet:
And when I hear that thou bees dead,
Then ſhal mine hands ſtrike off his head.
With that he gave his horſe the ſpurs,
And ſpeedily flew over the firs,
He and his guard, with all their might:
They ran till they overtook the Knight.
When he approacht, they lighted down,
And like a valiant Champion,

He took the tyrant priſoner,
And ſent him backward to Dumbar,
And there remained in priſon,
A ceartain time in that dungeon.
Let him ly there with meikle care,
And ſpeak we of our kind ſquyer,
Of whom we cannot ſpeak but good.
When he lay bathing in his blood,
His friends, and his Lady fair.
They made for him ſik dule and care,
Which were great pity to deplore.
Of that matter I ſpeak no more.
They ſend for Leeches haſtily,
Syn bure his body tenderly,
To lodge into a fair lodging,
Where he received medicine:
She greateſt Leeches of the land,
Came all to him without command:
And all practiſes on him proved,
Becauſe he was ſo well beloved.
They took in hand his life to ſave,
And he them gave what they would have?
But he ſo long lay into pain,
He turned to be a Chirurgian:
And als by his natural ingine,
He learned the art of medicine.
He ſaw them on his body wrought,
Wherefore the ſcience was dear bought.
But afterwards when he was hail,
He ſpared neither coſt nor travel,
To prove his practiſes on the poor,
And on them proved many a cure,
On his expenſes without remead
Of money he took no regard:
Yet ſomething will we commend mair,
Of this Lady that made ſuch care,
Which to the ſquyer was more pain,
Nor all his wounds in certain,
And then his friends did conclude,
Becauſe she might do him no good,
That she might take her leave and go
To her Countrey, and she did ſo.

But theſe lovers met never again,
Which to them was a laſting pain:
For she againſt her will was married,
Where through her weird she dayly waried:
Howbeit her body was abſent,
Her tender heart was ay preſent,
Both night and day with her Squyer.
Was never creature made ſuch care
Penelope for Vliſſes,
I wot had no greater diſtreſs:
Nor Creſſeid for true Troylus,
Was not tenth part ſo dolorous.
I wot it was againſt her heart.
That she did from her love depart.
Helen had not ſo meikie noy,
When she perforce was brought to Troy.
I leave her then with heart full ſore,
And ſpeak now of our ſquyer more.
When this Squyer was hail and ſound,
And ſoftly might go on the ground,
To the Regent he did complain,
But the Regent was over ſoon ſlain,
By David Hume of Wedderburn,
The which cauſ'd many French men mourn.
For there was not more Noble Knight,
More valiant, more wiſe, more wight:
And ſoon after that cruelty,
The Knight was ſet at liberty,
Who had that Squyer ſore oppreſt,
So was this matter not redreſt,
Becauſe the King was young of age,
Then tyrants reigned in their rage:
But afterwards, as I heard ſay,
On Striviling bridge upon a day,
This Knight was ſlain with cruelty,
And that day got no more mercy,
Nor he gave to our young Squyer:
I ſay no more, let him ly there.
For cruel men ye may well ſee,
They end oftimes with crueltie.
For Chriſt to Peter ſaid this word,
Who ever ſtriketh with the ſword.

That man should be with a sword slain:
That say is sooth, I tell you plain,
He means who striketh cruelly,
Against the law without mercy.
But this Squyer to none offended,
But manfully himself defended.
Was never man with sword nor knife,
May save their honour and their life,
As did the Squyer all his dayes,
With many terrible affrayes:
Would I at length his life declare,
I might well write another quaire;
But at this time I may not mend it,
But show you how the Squyer ended.
There dwelt in Fife an aged Lord,
That of the Squyer heard record.
That did desire right heartfully,
To have him in his company:
And sent for him with diligence,
And he came with obedience,
And long time did with him remain,
Of whom this aged Lord was fain.
Wise men desire most commonly,
Wise men into their company:
For he had been in many land,
In Flanders, France, and in England,
Wherefore the Lord gave him the cure
Of his houshold, I you assure:
And in his hall chief marshal,
And auditour to his compts all.
He was a right courtician,
And in the law a Practician,
Wherefore enduring this Lords life,
Sheriff depute he was in Fife.
To every man an equal Iudge,
And to the poor he was refuge:
And with justice did them support,
And cur'd their sores with great comfort:
For as I did rehearse before,
Of medicine he took the lore,
When he saw the Chirurgience,
Vpon him do their diligence.

Ex-

Experience made him perfite,
And of the science took great delite,
That he did many thrifty cure,
And specially upon the poor,
Without reward or his expence,
Without regard or recompence:
To gold, to silver, or to rent,
This noble Squyer took little tent:
Of all this world no more he craved,
So that his honour might be saved:
And every year, for his sake,
A royal banquet would he make:
And that he made on the Sunday,
Proceeding to Ashwednesday,
With fowles, venniſon and wine,
With tart, and flame, and fenrage fine,
Of bran, and geil there was no scant,
And hipocras he did not want.
I have seen sitting at his table,
Both Lords and Lairds honourable,
With Knights and many a gay Squyer,
Which were too long for to declare,
With mirth, musick menstrally,
All this he did for his Lady:
And for her sake during his life,
Would never be wedded to a wife.
And when he did decline to age,
He never failed in his courage:
Of antick stories for to tell,
Above all other he did precel.
Even so that very creature,
To hear him speak they took pleasure.
But all his deeds honourable,
For to describe I am not able.
Of every man he was commended,
And as he lived so he ended,
Pleasantly, while he might endure,
Till dreadfull death came to his door,
And cruelly with mortal dart,
Strake this kind Squyer through the heart.
His soul with joy angelical,
Past to the heavens imperial.